

# Elton John, Old 67

Hey how about this  
A little conversation tonight  
Thinking aloud how we struggled to find  
Our place in the dizzy heights

Don't often do this  
We never really get the chance  
Nearly froze to death on Oxford Street  
Now we're sitting in the South of France

Talking through the evening  
It's good to shoot the breeze  
Just you and me on a balcony  
And cicadas singing in the trees

[Chorus:]  
Old '67 what a time it was  
What a time of innocence, what a time we've lost  
Raise a glass and have a laugh, have a laugh or two

Here's to old '67 and an older me and you

Sentimental twilight  
Conversing on those virgin days  
Laughing about how the two of us sound  
Like a Tennessee Williams play

Honest, it's amazing  
That we can get together at all  
For in between the saddle and the grand piano  
We can read the writing on the wall

Talking through the evening  
Sitting here side by side  
Just you and me on a balcony  
It's a little bit funny this feeling inside

[Chorus]